Groanes from Newgate;

OR,

AN ELEGY

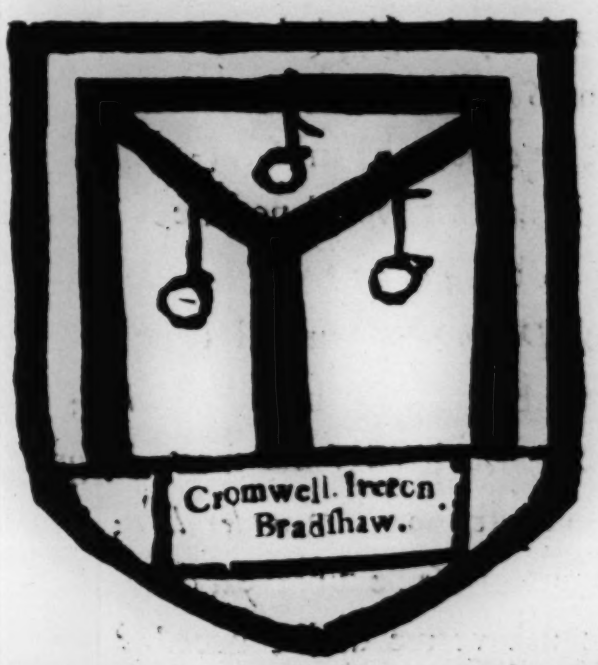
UPON

Edvvard Dun Esq:

The Cities Common Hangman, who Dyed Naturally in his bed, the 11th. of *September*, 1663.

Inter pone tuis interdum gaudia curis.

Written by a Person of quality. *And Liscenced according to Order.*



London, Printed by *Edward Crowch*, dwelling on *Snowhill*. 1663.

An Elegy upon Edward Dun Eſquire, the Cities Common Hangman.

COme *New-gate Muſe* and let's agree
To *antipothize* an *Elegie*;
And let each drop that dares to run
From barren *eyes* fill twice three *Tun*,
That ſo we may ſoon drown our fears,
And deluge *grief* in her own tears:
Let's think but how he did the feat,
And then conclude the loſs is great.
But oh! it adds unto our dread,
He di'd *untimely* in his *bed*.
The valiant *Souldier's* loth to yeild
To *Death*, except it be in *Field*;
And who is he that would not die
According to his *quality*?
It was (oh *Death*!) an unjuſt thing,
Thou ſhould'ſt deny him his own *ſwing*;
Sure, ſure, thou hadſt ſome great deſigne
Or elſe thou'adſt took him *under-line*;
How can our griefs be unreveal'd,
When ſo much vertue di'd conceal'd?

Who

Who does not hear how every *ſtone*
In *New-Gate* cries. *O hone*, *O hone*,
Whilſt all the *Priſ'ners* ſadly run
And cry, *The Devil rides on* Dun?
Nay more, each tender-hearted *Louſe*,
Belonging to that *Manſion-houſe*,
Doe ſtrive in *Sable robes* to crawl,
Like *Mourners* to his *Funeral.*
The noble *Hemp* its grief doth ſhew,
And ſcorch'd with *ſorrow* cannot grow;
The Ax, the Block, the Knife, in brief,
Each *Tool* is ruſty now with *grief.*
One thing I had almoſt forgot,
Tyburn with grief is grown a *Sot*;
And that which breeds her greateſt *harms*,
Is that he di'd not in her *arms*:
He's gone, ſhe cries, that often ſtood
More then *knuckle deep* in *blood.*
Oh with what a dextrous *art*
He would pull out a *Traytor*'s heart!
Never did Muſick pleaſe him well,
Except it were *St. Pulchers Bell.*
I was his *Altar* and his *Spouſe*
To whom he often paid his *vowes.*
The *Altars* of the *Heathen Gods*
Were not ſo good as mine by ods;

Becauſe their *Prieſts* were not ſo wiſe
To offer *Men* for *Sacrifice*:
But my brave *Prieſt* did plenty bring;
Of ſuch as murther'd their own *King*,
He'd offer them at my *high Altar*,
And thought no *incenſe* like the *Halter*:
But he is now quite void of breath,
And had no incenſe at his *Death*.

His EPITAPH.

VNderneath this place doth lie
The Miracle of Crueltie;
Ile tell thee now I have begun,
Then know, kinde Reader, *all's but* Dun:

FUNIS.

D
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